

Randolph, Mass.

Oct. 13th 1896.

My dear Mrs. Smith.

I wish

I could write an autograph
letter worthy of being read before
your friends, and I hesitate
to comply with your request only
because of the conviction that
I never wrote a fairly good letter
in my life, and that it is an
absurdity for me to offer one
to an audience of five hundred.

However, you are so kind
to ask me, and I feel that

you do me such an honor
in introducing me to your
club - that I cannot refuse.

The reason that you know
nothing about me personally is
probably because the personals
have never appeared lately in the
Boston papers. If you wish I
will give you a short one of
myself. I was born here in

this little village of Randolph,
~~then~~ went to live in Braintree
element, where twelve years old
and returned here in 1884 after
the deaths of my parents, and
sister. I have now no near
relatives, and live with the family
of a school friend, a very dear
friend like a sister, whom I

have known ever since I was
a child. I have some rooms
of my own, two sitting rooms
on the first floor with a desk
in each, and I write at either
as the fancy takes me. Just
now I am writing in my back
parlor, where I have an open
fire place, and old fashioned brick
hearth. Sometimes on winter nights
in roast potatoes in the ashes.

This is the old homestead of
my friend's family, and I suppose
they had many a similar citizen
prior ^{then} two generations back; ~~and~~
^ ^{last}

This summer I staid a few weeks in Old Deerfield, where the whole atmosphere seems moist with the past, and one has a fear, on going to bed, that

one may be awakened by our
Indian war whoop before morning.

Just opposite my boarding place was
the old tavern where Benedict Arnold
staid over night, and in one of
the front rooms is the corner cup-
board upon which he staid, and
drank a glass of rum. One of the
Lewfield citizens has the glass, but
I did not see it.

It first occurs to me that I
am rather desirous of ~~my own~~
history, but Benedict Arnold's glass
may be the most graceful way of
bringing it to a close.

I am very glad indeed to have
written this letter for you, if you
can make the slightest use of
it in your club meeting. I am
much pleased that you like my
story, and please greet my kindly
for me, your five hundred friends.
I am very truly yours.
Mary E. Williams